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# YUTOPIA!!! A Place That Fulfills All Of YOUR Needs

[perfect](#) [place...](#) [not!!!](#)

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## Chapter 1 by XOXkitkatXOX

It was the perfect place... It changed whenever YOU needed it too. It followed YOU. It was like Google, where they check YOUR history to see what YOU most commonly search up, then change what is needed, and recommend things for YOU...

Or like a TempurPedic mattress, that molds to YOUR shape... It took years to make, but it was finished. They had just finished Beta testing when I tried it out.

"Hey, 'One Shot'! What do YOU think of YOUR new YUTOPIA?" the YUTOPIA installer asked. I walked up to the door, and I brushed the doorknob. It was perfect. The silver handle, and the golden engraving of a fiery Phoenix bursting out flames from its open beak.

I looked up at the rest of the door. It was carved from a golden brown type of wood, and had an intricately hand carved design on the bottom, and a stained glass window on the top half.

I stepped back in awe, and looked back at the installer. "How much?" I ask, pulling out my wallet and opening it, showing my stacks of hundreds.

He opens his mouth to speak, then looks at me. "I haven't even

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I look back at the house, and noticed that a tag was sticking out of it, like on clothing. It said "Why even look inside? YOU already know it's gonna be perfect by looking at the door!"

I turn back to the installer, and point at the tag. He shrugs, then pulls out a clipboard. He hands it to me, and points out the place I need to sign. He hands me a pen, and without reading it, I sign it. He takes the clipboard back, and I hand him the money.

He hands me a key with a YOUTOPIA keychain that read "YOU Just Made A Big Mistake."

## Chapter 2 by Danya H.



Did I read it right? I rub my eyes and look again. "YOU Just Made A Big Mistake." What? This is not good.

I glance at him, and a smirk is slowly forming on the installer's face. He throws his head back and laughs, then violently rips the tag off.

As soon as he does, my YOUTOPIA starts to smoke. I step back in horror as I watch my YOUTOPIA slowly transform from a gorgeous three story house into some sort of prison, with barbed wire fences and concrete walls.

"I hope you're satisfied with your product. If not, you can always call customer support." he says maniacally. I stumble backwards.

"I don't understand! What is that place?!" I say frightened. He just stands there, looming over me with a menacing look in his eyes.

Suddenly, my world goes black and I'm grabbed from behind! Someone's put a bag over my head and two pairs of hands drag me toward the installer. I kick and thrash, but whoever has me is holding me too tightly to escape.

"This, my friend, is customer support. They will help you with whatever you're having trouble with. That is within the guidelines."

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As soon as those words leave his mouth, I'm dragged into the prison, and away from the rest of my life.

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